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CHAPTER IV. THE CLASH OF STEEL.

A doubtful dawn had grown into a chosen day when I saddled in Earlstoun courtyard to ride past the house of our kinswoman at ders of the policies, where, with his skill in There he abode during the day, with a watch set on the Todd Hill and another on the White Hill above the wood of Barskeoch.

I told him that I went to bury my father. "Aye," he said, cocking his head quickly asiant like a questing cat that listens at a mouse hole, "and of what complaints do set on the Todd Hill and another on the You be like white Hill above the wood of Barskeoch. Only at the even, when all things were quiet. ken?" would he venture to slip down and mix with us about the fire. But he swung himself with much quietness of manner, for, cir-swiftly back again to his tree by a rope if cumstanced as I was, I could none other. any of the dragoons were to be heard of in

the neighborhood. During all this time it comes back to me how much we grew to depend on Maisie Lenox. From being but "Anton Lenox's dochter" she came to be "Meysie, lass," to my mother, and indeed almost a daughter to her. Once going to the chamber door at night to cry ben some message to my mother. I was startled and afraid to hear the sound of sobbing within—as of one crying like a young lass or a bairn, exceedingly pitiful to hear. I thought that it had been Maisle speaking of her sorrow, and my mother comforting her. But when I listened, though indeed that was not my custom, I perceived hand on hip, turned at the word. His black brows drew together and his hand fell till that it was my mother that grat and refused to be comforted.

"O, my William!" she cried, mosning like a child that would sob itself to sleep. "I ken, O I ken I shall never see him mair. He's lying cold and still at the dyke back that ylace that alrms keepit fast. O that we ry Covenants, that weary, weary Cov-

"ringh thee, my dawtie, say not so!" I heard the voice of my cousin Maisie—I could not help but hear it. "The Lord calls us to do little for Him sursels, for we are feckless women, an what can we do? But He bids us gie Ifim our men folk, the desire o' our hearts. Brithers hae I gie'n, twa and three, and my last is my faither, that is noo amang the moss-hags, as ye ken."

But again I heard my mother's voice But again I heard my mother's voice

breaking through in a querulous anger.
"What ken ye, lassie? Brithers and faither, faither and mither only just to follow him through the warl'!" And in the darkness I could hear my

mother wall, and Maisle, the young lass, hushing and clapping her. So, shamed and shaken at heart, I stole away atiptoe, lest

Earlstoun woods. Yet we had small time to think of the beauty of the summertide, when our father lay unburied at a dyke back, and some one must ride and lay him reverently in the earth.

Sandy could not go—that was plain. He

was now head of the house and name. Be-sides, the pursuit was hot upon him. So, at my mother's word, I took a pair of decent serving men, and then my way over to the hill. And as I went my heart was sore for She had supplied with her own hands go. She had supplied with her own hands all the decent wrappings wherewith to bury my father. Sandy further judged it not prudent to attempt to bring him home. He had gotten a staw of the red soldiers, he said.

But I, that had seen none of them, was hot upon bringing my father to the door to "The driving is like to be brisk enough

without that," said Sandy.

And my mother never said a word, for now he was the laird and the head of the house. She even offered to give up the keys to Jean Hamilton, my brother's wife. But for all her peevishness, Jean Hamilton knew

r place, and put aside her hand kindly.
"No, mother," she said. "These be yours as long as it pleases God to keep you in the house of Earlstoun."

For which I shall ever owe Jean Hamilton good word and kindly thought.

The names of the two men who went with They were both decent men, with families



following my father and brother on that account:

Now as we went up the hill a sound followed us that made us turn and listen. It was a sweet and charming sound of singing. There, at the dorr of Earlstoun, were my mother and her maidens gathered to bid us farewell upon our sad journey. It made a solemn sound on the caller morning air, for it was the sound of the burying psaim, and they sang it sweetly. So up the Deuch Water we rode, the little birds making a melody about us, and young, tailless thrushes pulling at reluctant worms on the short, dewy knowles. All this I saw and more. For the

cried, as we came riding up the road. "Where away, Whigs, without the leave of the king and Peter Inglis?"

I told him civilly that I rode to Carsphairn o do my needs. see the glossy back of Wat Gordon's charger front the heavier weight of the king's man's Lochinvar on a sad and heavy errand. Sandy betook himself to his great oak on the borgray. earer to your hand?"
I told him that I went to bury my father

"My father's name was Gordon," I said Cornet Inglis laughed a great vacant laugh when I told him my father's name, which, indeed, was no name to laugh at when he that ewned it was alive. Neither Peter Inglis, not yet his uncle, had laughed in the face of William Gordon of Earlstoun—aye, though they had been riding with a troop behind them. "Gordon,"

quoth he, "Gordon-ye canna spit in the Glenkens without soloiting on a

cried a voice from the hillside, quick as an echo. Inglis, who had been hectoring it, hand on hip, turned at the word. His black brows drew together and his hand fell till it rested on his sword hilt. He who spoke so boldly was a lad of 20, straight as a lance shaft is straight, who rode slowly down from the Garryhorn to join those on the main rode where the picket was posted. It was my cousin and kinsman. Wat Gordon of Lochinvar, a spark of mettle, who in the hour of choosing had stood for the

father's capture and execution he had di-vided the house with him, rallied half the retainers and ridden to Morton castle to "What Ken ye, lassie? Brithers and latter, what ken ye, lassie? Brithers and latter, guids and gear, they are na muckle to lose.

Ye never lost a man for wha's sake ye left the days of little David Crookback were coming back again. At Wat Gordon's back and mither only just to follow him Scarlet, who had been a soldier in France, and also in Brandenburg, said to be the hushing and clapping her. So, shamed and shaken at heart, I stole away atiptoe, lest any should hear what I had heard. But I forget to tell of our riding away. forgot to tell of our riding away.

It was a morning so buoyant that we seemed upborne by the flood of sunlight, like the small birds that glided and sang in our upon the same middenstead.

"I said you lied, Peter Inglis," cried Wull-cat Wat, turning back the lace ruffle of his silken cuff, for he was gay and glancing in leaf, as well as man-sworn?

deaf, as well as man-sworn?

Inglis stood a moment silent; then he saw who his enemy was. For indeed it was no Maypole dance to quarrel with Wat of Lochinar with John Scarlet swaggering behind

"Do you not hear? I said you lied man-lied in your throat. Have you aught to say to it, or shall I tell it to Clavers at the table tenight that ye have no threat and no man's heart, but only the gullet of a trench-

"I said that the Gordons of Glenkens were traitors. 'Tis a kenned thing.' answered Inglis, at last mustering up his resolution; "but I have no quarrel with you, Wat Gorand its cause.'

"Cause," said Wullcat Wat, bending a little forward in his saddle and drawing one little forward in his saddle and drawing one long gauntilet glove lightly through the paim of his other hand, "cause—what knows Peter Inglis of causes? This youth is my cousin of Earlstoun. I answer for him with my life. Let him pass. That is enough of cuse for an Inglis to know when he chances o meet men of honester name."

"He's a rebel and a traftor," cried Inglis, and I shall hold him until I get better authority than yours for letting him go. Hear ye that, Wat of Lochinvar?"

The two sat fronting one another on their horses. Inglis was the older and more set man. But Wat of Lochinvar was slender and lithe as a bow that has not been often bent and quivers to the straight. It was a curlous eight to see them passaging with little airs and graces, like fighting cocka

The soldiers stood indifferently around A pair of dragoons patrolled, turning and crossing as if on parade, within earshot of the quarrel of their officers. It was the first time I had ever seen what discipline meant. And in a moment I learned why they had broken us at Bothwell and Rullion Green. I have heard my brother Sandy say that at any time in the Covenanting host, had three drawn together and spoken like men that drawn together and spoken like men that are hot in questioning, the whole army would have run from their posts to hear and to take lired out. From attacking he fell to guard-ing, and at last even his parry grew lifeless to be controversy. But all the while ling, and at last even his parry grew lifeless. part in the controversy. But all the while these dragoons kept their noses pointing in and feeble. Wat, on the other hand, kept the straight of their necks and fronted and wheeled like machines. It was, in fact, none struck with certainty and parried with a of their business if their officers cut each light hammering movement that was pretty other's throats. But they knew that one to watch, even to one who had no skill of John Graham would assuredly make it his the weapon, business if they omitted their military serv- At last,

lightly his feathered hat that had the king's olors in it, "hearken ye well: This is my ousin Will of Earlstoun, who took no part no part with mine, but instead, abode at upon his errand. I will be answerable for im to Colonel Graham of Claverhouse. After that we can arrange our little matter as to

There was a keen leaping light in my cousin Wat's blue eyes, the light that I battle. He was waxing coldly angry, me, I became silent as I grew angered. brother Sandy grows red and hot, but Wull-cat Wat was of those more dangerous men to whom deadly anger when it comes at once quickens the pulses and stills the nerves.

"Think not I am afraid of a traitor's son, any of the name of Lochinvar," quoth Inglis, who was indeed no coward when once he had taken up a quarrel; "after all,

the relieved scabbards jingling against the horses' sides. The great basket hilt of that of Cornet Inglis had the cavalry tassel swinging to it, while the crossbar and siminvar had carried when he ruffled it in court and hall. I caught John Scarlet's look of satisfaction and so judged that he anticipated no danger to one whom he had trained from a fighter at haphazard like Peter Inglis.

"You would But yet the dragoon was no tyro, for he had proved himself in many a hard stricken fray. So without a word they fell to it, and it made a strange picture on the grassy track which wound itself through these wilds to

At the first crossing of the swords the style of the two men was made evident That of Inglis was the simpler. He fought most like a practical soldier, with the single purpose of making his adversary feel the

loons to carry in their turn the leathern jack.

At the taunt, swift as flame Wat of Lochinvar rode nearer to his enemy on his quick turning, well mouthed horse, and drawing the leather gauntlet through his fingers till the fingers were striped narrow like whip lashes, he struck inglis with it upon the cheek.

"My father's head," he cried, "is on the Netherbow. He had his way of thinking and died for it. I have mine and may die for it in my time. But in the meantime Lochinvar's son is not to be flouted by the son of a man who cried with all parties and hunted with none."

Two swords flashed into the air together, the relieved scabbards jinging against the borses' sides. The great basket hilt of that

that were of ourselevs—familiar at our tables and near kinsmen oftentimes as well.

What John Graham did in the way of cess ple Italian guard of Wat Gordon's lighter and exaction, and even of shooting and tak-weapon appeared as if it must instantly be long, was in some measure what we had taken the reins as one that prepare to ride away, beaten down by the starker weapon of the cur count and reekening with. But that men "Lochinvar," he cried, in a voice of comdragoon. But as they wheeled their horses who knew our outgoings and incomings, our mand, "take Cornet Inglis' post and duty, on guard with a touch of the bridle hand I strengths and fastnesses, who had companied since you have disabled him. But mark me saw John Scarlet, Wat's master of fence, with us at kirk and market, should harry us well, let there be no more tullying and flash a look at his scholar's guard sword. It like thieves, made our hearts hot and angry brawling, or I shall send you all to Bridewas an old fashioned shearing sword, an ancient blade which many a Gordon of Lochinaucient blade which have not making it a petition that I might get a invar had carried when he ruffled it in court and hall. I caught John Scarlet's look of will. And it is not yet too late. But it was Claverhouse that had come

"You would kill more king's men!" he eried to Wat Gordon; 'you that have come hither to do your best to undo the treason of

your forebears. My lad, that is the way to get your head set on the Netherbow beside your father's. Are there no man-aworn whigs in the west, that true men must fall o hacking one another?"

He turned upon Inglis fiercely:

"Cornet, are you upon duty? By what right do you fall to brawling with an ally of the country? Have we overly many of them in this accursed land, where there are more edge of his weapon, while Wat, lighter and elephants and crocodiles in whig-ridden Gal-



FIGHTING IT OUT.

Lochinvar depended on a low tierce guard with a sloping point, and reined his horse near, that his enemy might be prevented

from closing with him on his left or side of disadvantage. The dragoon used the simpler hanging guard, and pressed upon his ad-"How began ye this brawling?" quoth versary with plain weight of steel. At the first clash of the iron the horses

heaved their heads, and down from the hissside above there came a faint crying, as of hepherds to their flocks. But the combatants were too intent to take notice. Scarlet reined his horse at the side, his head a little low set between his shoulders, and his eyes followed every thrust and parry

with a giance like a rapier.

For the first five minutes Inglis tried all his powers of battering upon Wat Gordon's lighter guard, his heavy cavalry sword beatng and disengaging with the fellest intent. He fought with a still and lip-biting fury. He struck to kill, hammering with strong, threshing blows; Wat, more like a duellist of the schools—rather, it seemed, to show his mastery of his weapon. But, neverthe-less, the thin, supple blade of the young laird followed every beat and junge of the

and a grim smile sat intent and watchful on the face of John Scarlet. But he spoke never a word, and the red sentries paced placidly to and fro along the burnside of air in reverence, and introduced me to the Garryhorn. More and more wildly Cornet the lad wheeled and turned, keeping ever of the house of Earlstoun!" his hand in tierce and his blade across his "Ah," said Claverhouse, body, slipping and parrying with the utmost

calm and ease.

"Click, click," came the noise of the clashing sword blades, flickering so swiftly that the eye could not follow them. Lochinvar found out his opponent's disadvant-age, which was in the slower age, which was movements of his h sponded like a man. He kept his beast turning about with his own length, so that come where he would Wat had no advantage. Yet

At last, wearied with continual check Inglis leaned too far over his horse's head in a thrust. The beast slipped with the sudden weight, and the dragoon's steel cap went nearly to his charger's neck. In a moment, seeing his disadvantage, Inglis

attempted to recover, but Wat's weapon slid under his guard as he threw his sword hand involuntarily up. It pelreed his shoulder, and a darker red followed the steel upon his horseman's coat as Wat with-drew his blade ready for the return. But of this there was no need, for Inglis instantly dropped his hand to his side and a sword suddenly struck up that of Wat Gordon, as the dragoon's heavy sword clattered upon the stones.

CHAPTER V. JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE.

"Gentiemen," cried a stern, calm voice, gentlemen, is it thus that you amuse yourelves when ye are upon the king's service?"

I turned about, and lo! it was the voice of John Graham of Claverhouse, high-pitched to the carrying note of command, of him knowles. All this I saw and more. For the Lord that made me weak of arm did not stint me as to glegness of eye.

When we came to where the burn wimples down from Garryhorn we found a picket of the king's dragoons drawn across the road, who challenged us and made us to stand. Their commander was one Cornet Inglis, a rough and roystering blade. They were in hold at Garryhorn, a hill town belonging to Greer of Lag, whence they could command all the headend of the Kells.

"Where away so briskly?" the cornet whom all the south and west knew then as old at Garryhorn, a hill town belonging to reer of Lag, whence they could command if the headend of the Kells.

The headend of the Kells.

The headend of the Kells.

The corner of Lag, whence they could command in the headend of the Kells.

The headend of the Kells.

The corner of Lag, whence they could command in the headend of the Kells.

The headend of the Kells.

The corner of Lag, whence they could command yearly to any lusty youth who would marry on his land, take his name and set himself there was something relentless about the burn-side from Garryhorn. His eyes were full of fire, his bearing of gallantry, yet methought there was something relentless about the burn-something that friend might one day bred soldier to speak to him after the foul arate the animals.

lither, had all the parade and pomp of the loway than true men on whom the king can from the draining of his wound. I looked for him to denounce me as a rebel and a

> Claverhouse, looking from one to the other of them, minding me no more than I had been a trippling hedge sparrow.
> "We had a difference, and cast up our

fathers to one another," at last said Inglis, John half sullenly. "It were best to let fathers a-be when you ride on his majesty's post duty, Cornet

Inglis. But you are wounded. Fall out and have your hurt examined." "It is a flea bite," quoth Peter Inglis,

"A man this!" thought I, for I loved cour-Yet, nevertheless, he dismounted, and John Scarlet helped him off with his coat upon the short heather of the hillside.

"And whom may we have here?" Claverhouse, as Inglis went to the hillside upon the arm of John Scarlet. He turned heavier iron with speed and certainty. Each moment it seemed as if Wat must certainty be cut down, but his black obeyed the be cut down, but his black obeyed the rein at the moment of danger, and his sword twisted round that of his adversary as an adder winds itself about a stick.

great chem, in my vitals, though I deny not that his surpassing beauty of person took my eye as though I had been a woman—perhaps because I had little enough of my own.

formidable captain as one that has good Inglis struck, urging his horse forward to standing and knows it well: force Lochinvar's black down the hill, but "My cousin, William Gordon, younger son

"Ah," said Claverhouse, smiling upon me, not ill-pleased. "I have heard of him—the homestayer, the nest egg. He that rode not to Bothwell with 'the Earl'\* and 'the Bull.' Whither rides he now thus early?"

I thought my cousin was too bold thus to blurt out my mission to the chief of them that had killed him whom I went to seek, but he was wiser than I in this matter. Claverhouse smiled, and looked from one t the other of us.

"You Gordons have your own troubles t get your fathers buried," he said. "I sup pose you will claim that this cub also is good king's man?"

"He is well affected, Colonel," said Lochin-var gayly, "and there are none too many like-minded with him in these parts!"
"Even the affectation does him monstrous quoth Clavers, clapping Walter on the shoulder; "It is much for a Gordon in this country to affect such a virtue as loyalty. I wonder," he went on, apparently to himself, "if it would be possible to transplant you Gordons, that are such arrant rebels here, and so loyal in the north. It were well for the land if this could be done In the north a few whigs would do small harm; here tenscore king's men melled and

Then he looked at my cousin with a cersuch a thing but rarely.
"Well, Wat, for your sake let young

Earlstoun go bury his father in peace, an' it likes him. The more whigs buried the better pleased will John Graham be. If he will bury his brother also when he is at it he will rid the earth of a very pestilent fellow!" "There is no great harm in Sandy," re-turned Lochinvar, briskly and easily. From his whole demeanor I saw he had a good position with Colonel Graham, and was customed to talk familiarly with him.

Perhaps the reason was that Claverhouse found himself much alone in Galloway. When he ordered a muster of the lairds and they brought but few on their back. Then again, these rough riding, hard drinkers of Nithside had little in common with John

oaths and scurril jests of the country cav-

"Why," said Claverhouse, "as you say, there is no great harm in Sandy, but yet Sandy hath a stout arm, and can lay well about him when it comes to the dunts Sandy's arm is stronger than Sandy's wit.' All this time I had not spoken, for so with a look my cousin Lochinvar had warned me to let him speak for me, but I broke the

"I am obliged to you, Colonel Graham.

said, "for your permission to go and bury my dead."
"'Ay," said Claverhouse, with a certain courteous disdain that was natural to him, but which he dropped when he spoke to the young Lochinvar, "ay, you are no doubt greatly obliged to me, but your father, though a rebel, fought us fairly and deserves clean burial. A whig is aye best buried at

at me) preparing them for burial."

I think he saw the hatred in my eyes as

quaintly as he went. "A good journey to you and a fair return, young Castle Keeper," he said, with a

scorning of his haughty lip.
Yet I think that he had been greater and to a lad on my errand.

Of our further progress what need that I tell? I heard the horse's feet ring on the sentence, road as though I had been deep underground. Such v Gordon of Earlstoun lie stark.

We found my father lying where he had fallen in the angle of a great wall, a mile

him, wrapping him just as he was in the shrouds my mother had sent for her well-beloved. Hugh Kerr was for taking his sword out of his hand to keep at home as an heir-loom. But I thought no. For his hand was stiffened upon it where the blood had run down his wrist, and, besides, it had been his friend while he lived and when he died, and it was hard to part him with that which had been to him as the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. So we buried his sword and him together, laying the little red bible, stained and spotted with his blood, open upon

whose blood Robert Hamilton poured out as one that pours good wine upon the ground.

Vet because we were so near, we rode over and saw the narrow passage of the bridge where they fought it so stoutly all day. Here and there lay dead men yet unburied; but the countrymen were gradually putting the poor bodies in the earth. Some of them lay singly, but more in little clusters, where they and had it out with their pursuers, that they might die fighting and not running, the pursuit had not been unmerciful, there were few that had fallen beyond the long avenues of the palace oaks.

But when we came to the banks of the river and looked down upon the bridge head we saw the very grass dyed red where the men had been shot down; and on the braesides, where Hamilton had drawn them up when he called them from the bridge end they had fallen in swathes like barley. But it was not a heartsome sight, and we turned our rein and rode away, weary and sad\_at heart.

(To be continued.)

## \* The laird of Earlstoun was often called in jest "The Earl."

## IMPIETIES,

The British rector of 100 years ago had somewhat peculiar ideas as to the qualifica-tions of a curate, if one may judge from the following curious advertisement, which appeared in the St. James' Chronicle of May 4,

WANTED immediately, a good, strong bony man to act in the capacity of curate He must be subject to the following particulars, viz.: To have no objection to gardener, husbandman, and occasional whip per-in. Any gent whom the above may suit on application to Mr. B., at the Gray's Inn Coffee House, Holborn, may meet with im-mediate employ, N. B.—Character will not be so much required as equestrian skill, and none need apply who has not undergone a complete stabalarian (sic) education.

The curate of 1795 was evidently intended nore for use than ornament. It is often the other way about with the curate of 1895.

The Rev. "Sam" Jones, the evangelist, tells this story on himself: "I seldom address an audience that I don't think of the words of the good old colored woman after I had preached to a great concourse of colored people on one occasion. This large, fat, old colored woman—I suppose she would weigh 200 pounds—came up to me and gave me her hand and said: 'God bless you, Brudder Jones; you is everybody's preacher and everybody loves to hear you preach, and every nig-ger loves to hear you; and, Brudder Jones, you preaches more like a nigger than any white man that ever lived; and, Brudder Jones, you have got a white skin, but, thank couldn't take her literally. But she meant married would settle the land and keep the kindly in what she said to me.

tain uncommon gracious affection that sat church fair)—Now, Mr. Slimpurse, you well on him—all the more that he showed really must take a chance in this beautiful pipe; you really must. Just think, the pipe worth \$20, and the chances are only \$1

> Mr. Slimpurse (edging off)-Very sorry, madame, but I don't smoke. Mrs. Getthere-Oh, but you can learn, you Slimpurse-Tobacco does not agree

with me. I would have no earthly use for a Mrs. Getthere (struck with a bright idea) -Well, there isn't the slightest probability of your drawing it, you know.

At a Methodist prayer meeting at Ranthe well affected, only Grier of Lag and dolph, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., the other Ferguson of Craigdarroch came in, and even day, two brethren were accompanied by their buildogs. During the services the dogs, ani-mated by a spirit of nature rather than of grace, took to chewing each other up and

## RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRAN

BY BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D.; L.L.D., Friend and Pastor of the Famous Soldier and President.

(Northwestern Christian Advocate)

Through my long acquaintance with Grant I had opportunities to judge of his moral character. Life in the camp has proved ruinous to the morals of the greatest warriors. The excitement of a life devoted to arms, the scenes of excess and plunder to which a collaboration of the imagination, but an intelligent conviction. which a soldier is exposed, the absence of

of the best morals. spoke thus of my father lying stiff at a He, who could speak to every one according wait. He did wait. And the people blessed to his memory. What was said of the great to his station, and could be the delightful his memory. What was said of the great companion of kings and queens, of stateshe said, with a men and chosen friends, never took the name of his Creator in vain, and an impure story worthier had he denied himself that word never polluted his lips. He assured me, as his pastor, that were he disposed to swear he would be compelled to pause to frame the

Such was the purity of his thought-life myself, and they trampled over me with a rush. It irked me that it was a fine day, and that my men. Hugh- Kerr and John Meiklewood, would not cease to speak with me. But all things wear round, and in time we came to the place where one had told Sandy as he fied that he had seen William Gordon of Earlstoun lie stark. there any ladies here? I have a story to tell;" when Grant replied: "There are no ladies here, but there are gentlemen."

Gratitude was one of the noblest emotions

We found my father lying where he had fallen in the angle of a great wall, a mile or two south of the field of Bothwell. He had no fewer than six wounds with musket balls upon him. As I looked I could see the story of his end written plain for the dullest to read. He had been beset with a party of dragoons in the angle of a great seven-foot, march dyke, in which there was no break. They summored him to surrender. He refused, as I knew he would, and, as his manner was, he had risked his all upon a single-handed charge.

As we heard afterward, he had come at the troopers with such fury that he killed three and wounded another, besides slaying the horse that lay beside him, before, with a storm of bullets, they stopped him in his charge. Thus died, not unworthily, even while I was bringing in the kye in the evening at Earlstoun, William Gordon, a father of whose life and death no son need be ashamed.

And where we found him, there we buried him, wrarping him just as he was in the GRANT'S MODESTY.

Grantitude was one of the noblest emotions or the house few but pregand in the emphasion. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: "I am cean of pearls and diamonds in the embrance was ocean of pearls and diamonds in the embrance was cean of pearls and diamonds in the embrance was cean of pearls and diamonds in the embrance of in the embrance of grandeur of soul. In may grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people." And so he had expressed himself in his speech in New York in 1890: "I am not one of those who even white he had expressed himself in his speech in New York in 1890: "I am not one of those who even white he had expressed himself in his speech in New York in 1890: "I am not one of those who even with such fury that he killed the republic and charge it with being ungrateful. I am sure that as regards the American people, as a nation and as individuals, I have every reason under the sun, if any person really has, to be satisfied with their treatment of m of his soul. His words were few, but preg-nant with grateful recognition. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: "I

GRANT'S MODESTY.

It is difficult to be victorious and not be proud. Military success leaves in the mind exquisite pleasure, which fills and absorbs the thoughts. The conqueror ascribes to himself superiority of capacity and force; he crowns himself with his own hands; he decrees to himself a secret triumph; he re-gards as his own the laurels others helped to gather, and when he renders to God pub-lic thanks he mingles his vanity with his deections. But read Grant's orders; read the eports of his victories; read the memoirs of his life; how he praised his great suborhis breast. Then we happed him up, and I, who at that time could fight but little, put up a short prayer over him—though not, of course, like a minister or one bred to the trade. And I thought as I rode away that it was better to leave him the sword than that Sandy should get it to prate about at his general meetings. Even as it was he could not let him be, but in the after days of quiet he must have him to coffin him, and bury in the kirkyard of Gassford. But to do Sandy justice, he had the grace to leave him the sword in his hand.

Now, my father had not fallen on the battlefield itself, but rather when hastening thither, for indeed he never saw the bridge nor had hand in the guiding of the host, whose blood Robert Hamilton poured out as

last for what was his due.

If he reviled not when reviled, he accepted the divine philosophy that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." If he was patient under misrepresentation, he trusted Him who said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lett." If he was patient under reproach. the Lord." If he was patient under reproach, he preferred the greater satisfaction or reaction of public opinion. Only those permitted to hear the whispers of his sensitive heart his person a letter addressed to his knew the grief and anguish he experienced when maligned by ignorance, prejudice, and disappointed aspirants. He had meekness, but it was not a base surrender of self-respect. His indignation could burn like a nountain of fire, but he never permitted him-

spect. His indignation could burn have a creffy, and carried the secret missive day after mountain of fire, but he never permitted himself to be consumed by its volcanic eruptions. He knew his enemies, and treated them with a withering silence that had passed into a proverb. "He knew his friends, and, true to his knightly soul supported them in good report, and in evil report."

"Look after our dear children, and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them could depart from an honorable, up-

He was never the companion of bad men. chief delight in the society of the true, the pure and the elevated. He discerned character with the precision of a prophet. His have of your love and affection, and of the chief associates in the affairs of state and his great subordinates in the army are illustra- a final farewell until we meet in another tions. And the marvel of the ages will be and, I trust, better world. You will that through a long and responsible career this on my person after my demise." that through a long and responsible he was so seldom deceived. It has been the ill-fortune of the best and the wisest men, from Moses to David, from David to Paul, from Paul to Luther, to be deceived by pre-tended friends. Caesar had his Brutus, Washington his Arnold, Christ his Judas. CHARACTERISTIC SELF-CONTROL.

and that only for a moment. It was when financial misfortune overtook him. I casually remarked to him: "The only criticism that I have ever heard is that you allowed your-self to be deceived by that man Ward." In a moment his temper flashed, but imme diately he gathered up himself and said:
"The oldest financiers on Wall street were also deceived." Grant had self-appreciation. He knew his power and realized his strength. His self-abnegation was not inspired by con-tempt for the reward of honorable deeds. He was not indifferent to the approbation of his fellow men, nor was his ear deaf to the voice of praise. He loved fame, but did not seek it. He loved power, but did not aspire to it. He loved wealth, but he did not covet it.

did not covet it.

He was a man with all the passions and appetites of human nature, and to make him other than a well poised, self-mastered man would be an injustice to his memory. But he was wiser than many of his contemporaties, in that he would not suffer himself to be unmanned by popular applause, or the exercise of power, or the possession of wealth, or crushed by misfortune, or disheartened by suffering. In this he was greater than the great. He loved this family, and caressed them; he loved his family, and found therein his chief de-

He was fond of books, of careful observa-He was fond of books, of careful observa-ion, of thorough reflection, and acquired conveledge by conversation with the well in-ble capital into the bank. One of his sons knowledge by conversation with the well in-formed, by extensive travels in many lands, formed, by extensive travels in many lands, by the daily study of current events, and thereby became one of the most intelligent citizens of our republic. He was a living During all these years of his connection encyclopedia of facts, figures and men, and his published memoirs astonished the read antional measures. He had been appointed ers with his accurate estimate of persons, by the government to prepare a commercial

A SINCERE MAN. He was a man of changeless sincerity. greatness was, that in great actions our only was prosperous and that he was growing care should be to perform well our part and rich. let glory follow virtue. He placed his fame In those apparently happy days he seemed in the service of the state. He was never to me the most contented man on earth. At

which a soldier is exposed, the absence of the restraints of home and church, tend to the worst of passions and to the corruption of the best morals.

Wetton.

He committed all to the great struggle to save his country. There was a time when he preferred that his military genius should suffer momentary depreciation than hazard the After five years in camp and field he re-turned to his fireside without a stain upon the cause of the union by revealing the vastness of his plans, which required time to unfold. his character. Among the ancient and mod-ern warriors it were difficult to find his bad the energy of silence. His self-control ern warriors it were dimedit to him was equal to the impatience of the nation, superior in moral elevation. Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others, in a war so vast and complicated. He could

Wellington was true of him:
Our greatest yet with least pretense,
Great in counsel and great in w\*t.
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

GRANT IN HIS HOME.

As his friend and pastor through many years, I had the privilege to observe Grant in the quiet of his home where he was the sweetest and happiest of men; where mutual and reciprocal love of the wedded life was ever present. Husband and wife were the happy supplement of each other, their characters blending in the sweetest harmony, like the blended colors in the bow of promise. To his strength, dignity and courage she added gentleness, grace and purity. In their life of deathless love their happiness lay like

the scenes of excruciating pain that he might write his personal memoirs that she should not want when he was gone.

He thought not of himself, but of her. To his son he said: "I hope mother will bear up bravely." To quiet her anxiety he said: "Do as I do: take it quietly. I give myself not the least concern. If I knew the end was tomorrow I would try just as hard to get rest in the meantime. Go to sleep and feel happy; that is what I want to do; I am going to try for it. I am happy when out of pain. Consider how happy you ought to be. Good night."

When she sought to divert his mind from

to recall? It was an expression of deathles love. "Out from the swellings of Jordan" he had rushed back to the shores of life to write this tender message to his son: "Wher-ever I am buried promise me that your mother shall be buried by my side." It is all a wife could ask; it is all a husband could

wish. When he was dead, there was found upon It came to her as a message from the spirit world. It was found secreted in his robe, enveloped, sealed and addressed to his wife. He had written it by times; written it cretly, and carried the secret missive day after

He was never the companion of bad men, and when he discovered in a pretended friend deception or immorality he shook him off as Christ rejected Judas. His private friendship was refined, and he found his cause for alarm on their account, and I His have of your love and affection, and of the

DAYS OF ADVERSITY.
If from this brighter picture of the life of General Grant we turn to the darker, to those long and weary months of adversity and suffering, the better character of this illustrious man will be revealed. It fell to my lot to pass behind the curtain of his do-His self-control was a masterful char-acteristic. In all my intercourse with him I never knew him to lose himself but once, him when the financial crash came. mestic life, and often converse with him in the privacy of his quiet home. I was with seemed to crash his brave soul, which mighty armies could not daunt.

When, on the morning of May 6, 1884, he left his home on Sixty-sixth street, New York City, for his office on Broadway and Wall street, General Grant thought himself a mil-lionaire, but in an hour thereafter he found that his fortune had been swept away as it were in a night. On his return from his tour around the globe he estimated his wealth at His humility was not born of self-ignorance. \$100,000, the income from which was just His self-abnegation was not inspired by contempt for the reward of honorable deeds. Mrs. Grant at the hotel where they lodged, extraordinary expenses. He kept no car-riage. Finding that his income was inade-quate to a residence in New York, he turned his attention to other portions of the country where he could live at less expense, His second son was a banker in New

his family, and found therein his chief delight. He had no taste for music, but he had melody in his heart. He despised pretense and show, but admired the real and beautiful.

sured that the investments were proper, and unaccustomed as he was to business, he inquired little further. The apparent returns from the business were enormous, but not larger than other bankers and brokers around

the keenness of his observations and the treaty with Mexico; he was in correspond-vastness of his information. difficulties and prevent a war; and he accepted the presidency of the proposed World's He abandoned himself to his life's mission fair in the city of New York. With these with the hope of no other reward than the great measures to occupy his mind he was consciousness of duty done. With him true content to believe that the banking house